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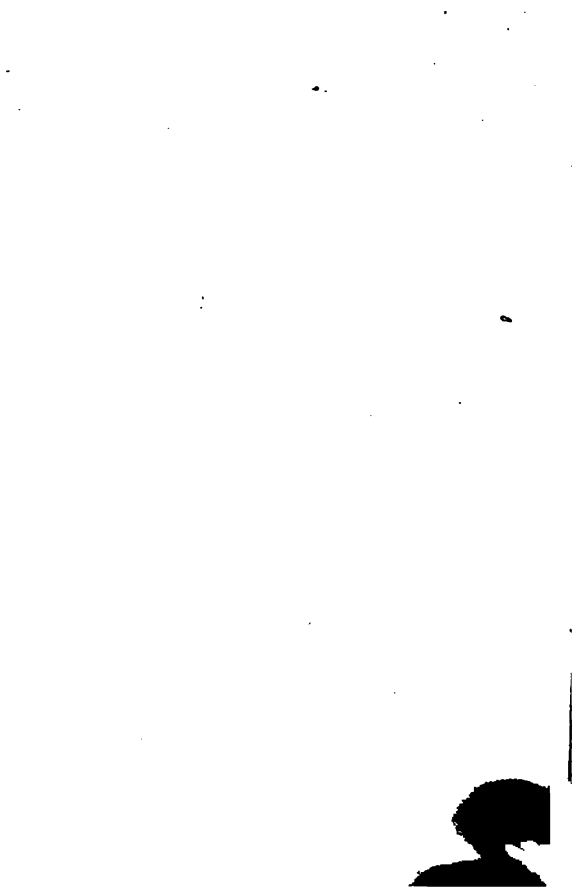
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GLEANINGS

FROM THE

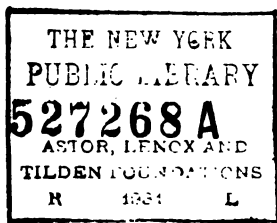
“PRESS,”

COMPILED BY

R. W.

[Koblenz, 1888]

NORTHFIELD, MINN.,
JOEL P. HEATWOLE, PRINTER.
MAY, 1888.



NOV 1934
J. B. L. M.
1834

PREFACE.


This collection of verses is, as the title indicates, "Gleanings;" not selections from the best which has been published during the time they have been collected, for the poems of our leading poets have been purposely omitted, as they can be found in their published works; but those which having once been published in the public prints, are largely forgotten by the public. It is hoped that most all readers will find a few poems here that will give them pleasure.

To those authors whose productions I have taken the liberty to use here without special permission, an apology may be due. That they were not applied to for permission arose from the fact that I could not obtain their addresses; but as I have affixed the full name, when such could be found, to each article, and also the name of the journal from which it was taken, it will be evident that no wrong to them was intended. On the contrary, an appreciation of their work, and a desire to make them better known to a local public, was the object of their publication here.

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POEMS OF NATURE.

To Spring.

Hail to thee, gentle spring-time, hail to thee !
Thou'rt welcome to our northern land again,
With thy warm sun, and sweet refreshing rain ;
Setting the ice-bound brooks and rivers free ;
Bidding the buds burst forth on every tree,
And carpeting with green, vale, hill and plain ;
Tinting with deeper blue both sky and main,
And waking to new life, beast, bird, and bee,—
The turtle now to his loved mate is cooing,
The fragrant groves with warbling songs re-
sound,
The flowers come forth at the soft south winds
wooing,
And with a starry carpet deck the ground ;
Nature again her freshness is renewing,
And notes of happiness ring all around.

Under the Trees.

When the summer days are bright and long,
And the little birds pipe a merry song,
'Tis sweet in the shady woods to lie,
And gaze at the leaves, and the twinkling sky,
Drinking the while the rare cool breeze,
Under the trees,—under the trees !

When winter comes and the days are dim,
And the wind is singing a mournful hymn,
'Tis sweet in the faded woods to stray,
And tread the dead leaves into the clay,
Thinking of all life's mysteries,
Under the trees,—under the trees !

Summer or winter, day or night,
The woods are an ever new delight;
They give us peace, and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong;
So living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees—under the trees.

—*Anonymous.*

Beside the Bay.

In the salt grass, and sedges
Which skirt the desolate edges
Strange, shapeless things are creeping
And quaint sea-creatures sleeping.

The haze from off the meadow
Hangs low its soft cool shadow
As the red sun comes peering
Across the mountain clearing.

The flickering wings of the swallow
Carry him down the hollow
To touch with pinion side-ways
The rippling of the tide-ways.

No sail upon the channels
Brings store of fishing annals
Nor any oar's commotion
Vexes the distant ocean.

Far off is all the throbbing
Of ocean pulses, sobbing
To sand-hills bare and hoary
Some tempest's lingering story.

But ever inward, slowly
The tide creeps up, and wholly
Beneath its wide out-spreading
Hides the foul creatures treading.

And to my soul returning,
Swells up that mystic yearning
Which lifts the bright to-morrow
High over every sorrow.

The swallow circles nigh me,
The breeze blows fresher by me,
And the salt-grass and sedges
Sing on the desolate edges.


—*Sam'l W. Duffield, in Independent.*

In the Woods.

“When in the woods I wander all alone,
The woods that are my solace and delight.”

—*Lord Thurlow.*

I remember, long ago,
How I wandered rapt and slow,
Where a quiet brook did flow
Through the woods.



There the silence scarce was stirred
But by winds, no voice was heard
But of squirrel, brook or bird
In the woods.

By the deep pool's shady brim,
Sat I, while the forest hymn
Woke through all the silence dim
Of the woods.

In recesses shadowed o'er
By the milk-barked sycamore,
I reclined and drank the lore
Of the woods.

There in spring the twin-leaf grew,
And wood-violets, white and blue,
Sent delicious fragrance through
All the woods.

Through the boughs, o'er arching height,
Falling, softened to the sight,
Streamed the green and shadowy light
Of the woods.

Awed and hushed in soul the while,
As in grand cathedral pile,
So I walked that deepest aisle
Of the woods.

And as er'st the ancient seer,
So the "still small voice" I hear
Thrilling through the silence clear
In the woods.

And then holier thoughts arise,
As I gaze up to the skies
With calm, reverent, trustful eyes,
In the woods.

So when weary of the strife
With which the earth is rife
I still would seek the life
Of the woods.

For my fretted soul grows calm
Lulled by nature's holy psalm,
While my charmed sense drinks the balm
Of the woods.

And as hushed I linger there,
All my thoughts arise in prayer
To the Lord of earth and air,
In the woods.

h . . . i . .

To Spring.

Sweet spring ! Long years before old Homer's
lyre

Gave to the world those grand immortal lays,
And each year since, have poets sung thy praise
In various tongues, in strains that never tire,
To emulate their lays I may'nt aspire,

Nor sing like them from realms of poesy,
But yet a tribute would I offer thee,
Though it may boast of no poetic fire,
For the new zest in life thou bring'st to me
I cannot let thee go without my blessing;
Thou dost assuage the heart's deep-felt desire,
And sooth'st my mind with thy most bland
caressing.

Spring ! life-reviver of wood, field and wave,
Type of immortal spring beyond the grave.

The Mountain Pine.

Here's a song to thee, thou mountain tree,
Thou evergreen fadeless pine;
Though the shining bay, after victory may
The conqueror's brows entwine,
Yet emblem tree of liberty,
A wreath from thee be mine.

Let others sing of the forest king,
Of the linden that waves in the bower,
But thou who dost lift thy form from the clift
Braving the tempest's power;
Be it mine to raise a song in thy praise
Like the streams that around thee flow
As they rush in their might from each dizzy hight
And leap down to the floods below.

T'is a balmy breeze that fans the trees
On the sunny southern shore,
And many a vine doth its tendrels twine
Their mossy branches o'er.
But the storm-king's voice in wild strength doth
rejoice
And shout through thee, mountain tree,
And thou standest alone on thy rocky throne
Like the Genius of the free.

For ever more 'neath thy forests hoar
Has Freedom reared her brood.
And the men that have grown where thy shade
is thrown,
Have Tyranny's hosts withstood.
Thus the patriot band of Switzerland
To their native freedom clung,
And the "pilgrim's" prayer arose on the air
Where thy snow clad branches hung.
Then a song to thee, thou glorious tree,
Thou evergreen mountain pine,
Nor laurel, nor bay, nor flowers gay,
But a wreath from thee be mine.

NOV 19 1901

Summer's Here.

Hark, through the green woods ringing,
Sweet and clear,
The voice of bright birds singing
'Summer's here,'

Then when the warm sun shineth
And the green ivy twineth
My mind all care resigneth
To linger here.

Oh ! oft and long I wander
Among the flowers,
Where limpid streams meander,
In forest bowers,
Summer's here.

Look at the light boughs waving
Their blossoms o'er
The blue lake, gently laving
Its pebbly shore,
See its bright waters glancing,
Its tiny wavelets dancing
In the pure light, enhancing
Its beauty more;
Gone are the days that bound it
In icy chains,
And sunny days have found it
For summer reigns;
Summer's here.

O'er the green hill is sighing
The balmy breeze,
While 'mid the flowers are flying
The honey bees,
Fair is the blue sky bending,
Fair eve's bright colors blending,
Fair the smooth river wending
Among the trees.
Nature is rife with gladness
So light and gay,
Fled are the scenes of sadness
Away, away;
Summer's here.

—1847.

Summer.

'Tis summer, gorgeous summer; through the
blue

Far depths of sky, the white clouds slowly sail,
The prairie glows with flowers, purple and pale,
Golden and scarlet, flowers of every hue,—

But with the beauty comes not back the joy
That glad'ned the loved summers of the past;

Sorrow, like clouds our sky may over-cast,
And grief the pleasure of the fields alloy.

Thus as I gaze, I muse on years gone by,
On faded flowers of summers long since fled;
Thus these will fade, this flee, and shortly I.

My years will number, and be with the dead,
Brief as the summer speeds our life's short day,
Transient as blossoms, quick we pass away.

• • • • •

•

The Summer of the North.

"O'er heathered hills, and broom clad moors,
The morn dawned clear and calm,
And called the mountain dwellers forth
To breathe its fragrant balm.
"A minstrel from his mountain home,
With rustic lyre came forth
And thus in native numbers sang
"The summer of the north."

The summer's glory broods like love,
Above the green-clad earth,
And nature in her fair array
O'erflows with joy and mirth.
"The roses send their sweetness forth,"
O'er leafy bower and brake,
And the lillies spread their snow-white foam
"Upon the sunlit lake."

* * * * *

"But hope hath changed to weariness,"
And love hath changed to strife,
And few of all the early friends
"Have been the friends of life."
"And we have left the sunny track"
Of childhood, far behind,
And see it only through the thorns
"That after years have twined."

fin.

"But thou art bright and changeless still,"

Queen of the circling years,

Thy form hath known no touch of time,

Thine eye no trace of tears.

"And still as bright thy sunshine falls"

Upon the woods and waves,

As if its light had never shone

"On broken hearts and graves."

—*English Magazine*, 1841.

Song.

AIR—"Life on the ocean wave."

A life in the prairied west,

Where the noble rivers flow,

Where earth wears an emerald vest,

And flowers by the acre grow.

How sweet in some cosy nook

Of a sheltering grove to dwell;

Or near by the sparkling brook

That ripples adown the dell.

CHORUS—A life in the prairied west,

Where the noble rivers flow,

Where earth wears an emerald vest,

And flowers by the acre grow.

How fair in the blossoming spring

To behold the tender blue.

Which the early violet spreads
As far as the eye can view.
I love from some breezy hill
To gaze o'er the charming scene,
Broad prairies of grass and flowers,
And young-leaved groves between.

Once more in the summer's prime
The prairie plow I guide;
While the beauty of nature lies
Around me on every side;
I gaze o'er the landscape far,
Till the hills are lost in blue;
Then nearer, I start at the scream
Of the lone and wild curlew.

Then the gorgeous autumn comes
With its mellow and hazy skies;
And the prairie's freshness is changed
Into purple and golden dyes;
Then the farmer looks with pride
At the crops his hands have tilled,
Where the drooping ears proclaim
The promise of spring fulfilled.

Leaf Life.

Fresh in the month of May,
Budding, downy, green all
Glad in the breezes play,
But now they fall—
The leaves fall.

Firm through the summer's heat,
Shower, drought, and hail-squall,
Till Autumn's tempest beat,
And then they fall—
The leaves fall.

Short race, and quickly run,
E'er they strew the brown mall—
Say ! is their working done
That thus they fall—
The leaves fall.

Ends thus their little span,
Good and ill, is this all ?
Naught else in Nature's plan
Save thus to fall—
As leaves fall.

Naught else to seek or shun,
Hopes none—no fears appal ?
Bud, flourish, wither, done !
So then they fall—
The leaves fall.

What follows Heaven knows,
So too the great, the small;
Live, labor till life's close,
And then they fall—
As leaves fall.

Know well 'tis not in vain,
Be it in hut or hall;
Good wrought shall yet remain
Though all else fall—
As leaves fall.

—N. A. P., in *Evening Post*, 1873.

'Tis Autumn Now.

(Written at Mackinaw, September, 1847.)

'Tis autumn now, the leaf is sear
And withered on the tree,
And through the forest aisles so drear
The blast moans fitfully.

The waters near that late so bright
Glanced 'neath a summer sky;
Rolled into billows tipped with white
Now recklessly sweep by.

The island that when summer smiled,
Re-echoed many a tone,
Forsaken now. its scenes so wild
Are desolate and lone.

Thus doth life's autumn quickly come,
Youth's summer to o'er-cast,
And the sear leaves of withered hopes
Are scattered on the blast.

As o'er those waves, so o'er life's sea
That slept in peace before,
Billows of passion wildly rush
Foam-crested to the shore.

And desolate, and lone becomes
The love-forsaken heart :—
Silver our heads, oh Time, but ne'er
Let love from life depart.

E. N. .

Sonnet.

THE SUMMER IS ENDED.

As all around me—from the least flower-face
That lifts itself to greet the autumn air,
To the fair hills that shine serene and fair
Through haze of amethyst—I miss some grace,
Some subtle charm, swift vanished from its face,
Upon the last warm breath of summer; bare
Of all I thought to gain, of rich and rare;
With empty hands, where June has left no trace,
I stand and wonder if beyond all this
In that eternal land's unclouded light,
The fadeless summer grows for us more clear
By every day's deep joy that now we miss;
If there the glory shows more wondrous bright,
For all the beauty that escapes us here.
—*Jennie Harrison in N. Y. Evening Post, 1878.*

The Best Use.

Out of the land the bright rose bloweth,
And all the soul of her sweetness goeth
Abroad to the sun and wind and rain;
But ah ! ah never, in any weather,
Can she fold up her leaves together
And close herself in a bud again !—

But if the sun and wind be sweeter,
And summer's beautiful dress completer
Because of the rose's graceful part,
Were it not wiser far and better
Than bound and locked in her fair green fetter
To die with an untouched virgin heart?
—*Mary Anne De Vere, in N. Y. Evening Post, 1878.*

Dawning Love.

When first I beheld the face of young Blanche,
I felt not a thrill, nor emotion,
Though her eyes were as soft as a mid-summer night,
And as blue as the blue summer ocean.

To me she was but, what all such maidens are,
A flower in beauty upspringing,
And loved like the flowers for the grace that they wear,
Gentle thoughts to my sad bosom bringing.

Like the south wind that breathes on the earth's frozen
breast,

When the cold storms of winter are over,
And whispers the word for the flowers to come forth,
And calls up the blooms of the clover.

So o'er me, unconscious, the influence was swayed,
And my heart, like the earth, still grew warmer,
Till like serpents allured by music's sweet sound,
I was caught in the toils of the charmer.

Then I watched the sweet smile o'er her features that
stole,

Till my fond heart grew fain to adore her ;
For transformed to my sight stood the maid of my soul,
And love's rose-light of beauty flowed o'er her.

Unspoken Love.

I love her; but with earnest voice
Calm duty pleads with me
To hide my secret like a rock
Beneath a sunny sea.
She must not wreck her bark of love
Upon this unknown reef;
Sooner let me forever bear
A solitary grief; Dear girl,
A solitary grief.

I gaze in secret at her face
So sweet, and yet 'tis sad;
To know that she is fondly loved
Might haply make her glad.
But no! it shall not be revealed,
My passion must be kept,
Like some red sin o'er which alone
In secret I have wept,—Dear girl,
In secret I have wept.

It may be but a fire of leaves
This passion blaze of mine
And not the quenchless lamp that burn
Upon Love's golden shrine.
I have but seen her angel face,
And beauty's anchor chain
Might break, and leave the ship to drift

O'er passion's wave again,—Dear girl,
O'er passion's wave again.

It is not that she is so fair,
But that she looks so good
That makes my crimson rose of love
Burst into leaf, and bud.
That face, so thoughtful, pure and sweet,
Oh, may I not believe
That such a token never did,
And never will deceive,—Dear girl,
And never will deceive.

I cannot tell her of my love,
But secretly I pray
That soon the time may come when I
With crystal conscience may;
And the rare beauty of her soul,
Now hidden from my view
May fully prove this passion-thrill,
To be pure love and true,—Dear girl,
To be pure love, and true.
—*Frazier's Magazine, about A. D. 1870.*

If You Love Me.

If you love me, tell it not;
Let me read it in your thought,
Let me feel it in the way
That you say me yea and nay.

Let me see it in your eye
When you greet or pass me by,
Let me hear it in the tone,
Meant for me, and me alone.

If you love me there will be
Something only *I* shall see;
Meet or miss me, stay or go,
If you love me I shall know.

Something in your tone will tell
“ Dear, I love you, love you well,”
Something in your eyes will shine
Fairer than they look in mine.

In your mien some touch of grace,
Some swift smile upon your face,
While you speak not, will betray
What your lips could scarcely say.

In your speech some silver word
Tuning into sweet accord
All your bluntness, will reveal
Unaware, the love you feel.

If you love me then I pray
Tell it not; but day by day
Let love silent on me rise
Like the sun in summer skies,
—*Luella Clark, in Atlantic Monthly,*

Wedded Love.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong life discover,
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers;
Why need we care to ask? Who dreams
Without their thorns, of roses,
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses?
For still in mutual sufferance, lies
The secret of true living;
Love scarce is love, that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.
—*A Floating Fragment. Anonymous.*

The Fuchsia.

Within the mountain lodge we sat
At night, and watched the slanted snow
Blown headlong over hill and moor,
And heard from dell and tarn below
The loosened torrent's thundering flow.
'Twas such a night as drowns the stars,
And blots the moon from out the sky;
We could not see our favorite larch,
Yet heard it rave incessantly
As the white whirlwinds drifted by.
Sad thoughts were near; we might not bar
Their stern intrusion from the door,
Till you rose meekly, lamp in hand,
And, from an inner chamber, bore
A book renowned by sea and shore.
And, as you flung it open, lo!
Between the pictured leaflets lay
Embalmed by processes of time
A gift of mine, a fuchsia spray
I gathered one glad holiday.
Then suddenly, the chamber changed,
And we forgot the snow and wind,
Once more we paced a garden path,
With even feet and even mind,
That red spray in your hair confined.

The cistus trembled by the porch,
The shadow round the dial moved;
I knew this though I marked them not,
For I had spoken unproved,
And dream-like knew that I was loved.

Sweet wife, when falls a darker night
May some pure flower of memory,
Hid in the volume of the soul
Bring back o'er life's tormented sea
As dear a peace to you and me.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

Rosalie.

Pretty, pretty Rosalie !
Rosalie looked love to me
Underneath the shady tree,
Where the brook flowed pleasantly
Through the old back meadow.

Not a word said Rosalie,
Smiling sweet she looked at me,
Then glanced round uneasily
While we stood beneath the tree
Where the brook flowed pleasantly
Through the old back meadow.

There in spring-time gathering flowers,
Swift have sped the happy hours,
While the birds in budding bowers
Sang their love's sweet melody.
Sweeter was her voice to me,
Pretty, pretty Rosalie,
Then my heart's anemone.

Oft since then, 'neath noon tide's ray,
Have I mowed and made the hay,
With a heart so light and gay ;
And when tired have rested me
Underneath the shady tree,
Where the brook flowed pleasantly
Through the old back meadow.

Sheltered there from days bright beam,
Gazing on the much-loved stream
Up would come the early dream
Cherished in my memory.
Dimmer grew the summer day,
Sadder seemed the thrush's lay,
Rosalie was far away.

Long I've roamed the wild world o'er,
Far from scenes I loved of yore;
Boasting of my youth no more.
Backward now returning.
And though now an ancient lover,
Round the hallowed spot I'll hover,
And while strangers mow the clover,
Underneath the shady tree,
I will dream the sweet dream over.

Pretty, pretty Rosalie,
Rosalie looked love to me
Underneath the shady tree,
Where the brook flowed pleasantly
Through the old back meadow.

Song.

I love her, I love her, I cannot tell why,
Not alone for the light in her liquid blue eye,
Nor the dark, silken tresses that gracefully flow
O'er her rose-tinted cheek, and her bosom of snow ;
I know not indeed, but whatever it be
There's a something about her that fascinates me,
And I vow by the stars in the blue sky above her,
And the flowers at her feet that I love her, I love her.

My friends, who assert that their judgment is sounder
Say she's even less fair than the maidens around her ;
That the graces and charms which in her I discover
Have their birth in the brain of a fanciful lover ;
It may be indeed that their vision is clearer,
But their words are all vain ; she grows dearer and dearer
And I vow by the stars in the blue sky above her,
And the flowers at her feet, that I love her, I love her .

Stanzas.

Do not ask me not to love thee,
Do not tell me love is vain,
Though I school my heart to calmness.
Lingereth still a pleasing pain.

What although no earthly union
Bind us here no more to part,
That is not the one condition
Of an interchange of heart.

As the worshiper grows nearer,
Like unto the one adored,
As 'tis said the fervent Christian
Liker grows his sinless Lord.

Then I too by constant loving
Virtue's self in loving thee
More unto the cherished object
Must assimilated be.

This alone were cause sufficient
Why I should not cease to love,
For I know thou'rt far beyond me
In the path that leads above.

And I am not all Platonic,
When I think that souls in bliss
Still retain the striking features
That distinguished them in this.

And I deem that heavenly spirits,
While to all their love extends,
Will make choice of those most like them
For their nearest, dearest friends.

Then as loving draws me closer
Into sympathy with thee,
Thus my loving, would be loving
Through a long eternity.

Is there not in the dim future
Some blest time when we shall know
All the love, the joy, the blessedness,
That now we must forego ?

Long the floweret lies enfolded
In the cold and frozen clay;
But at last 'tis kissed by sunshine,
From the kindly skies of May.

Long the Peri searched and wandered
For the gift;—of heaven the price;
Till at last with joy he brought it,
And he entered Paradise.

Long the weary mariner struggled,
But at last the goal was won,
When he saw the fair green island
Glowing in the morning sun.

Oh, there, is throughout all nature
A fruition of the past,
And it sooner comes, or later,
But it comes to all at last.

When shall we our bliss inherit ?
When shall we too reach the goal ?
When shall spirit blend with spirit ?
Soul prevaded be with soul ?

Three Kisses of Farewell.

Three, only three, my darling
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses, as the summer
Lavishes heat.
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent
And nothing is left to give, except
A sacrament.

First of the three my darling,
Is sacred unto pain.
We have hurt each other often;
We shall again.
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven, before it comes,
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
 Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
 We have blessed each other always,
 We always will.
 We shall reach till we feel each other
 Past all of time and space;
 We shall listen till we hear each other
 In every place.
 The earth is full of messengers,
 Which love sends to and fro;
 I kiss thee, darling for all joy
 Which we shall know.

The last kiss, oh, my darling,
 My love:—I cannot see
 Through my tears, as I remember
 What it may be;
 We may die and never see each other,
 Die with no time to give
 Any sign that our hearts are faithful
 To die as live.
 Token of what they will not see,
 Who see our parting breath,
 This one last kiss, my darling, sealeth
 The seal of death!

—*From Saxe Holme stories, C. Scribners Sons, N. Y.*

If Thou Wilt Ease Thine Heart.

If thou wilt ease thine heart
Of love and all its smart,

Then sleep, dear, sleep !
And not a sorrow

Hang any tear on your eyelashes;
Lie still and sleep
Sad soul, until the sea wave washes
The rim o' the sun to-morrow
In eastern sky.

But wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love and all its smart,

Then die, dear, die !
'Tis deeper, sweeter
Than on a rose-bank to lie dreaming
With folded eye;
And then alone, amid the beaming
Of love's stars, thou'lt meet her
In eastern sky.

—*Thos. Lovell Beddoes, England, about 1825.*

Grief.

Undying love and utter bereavement can have no better memorial than the following lines by Henry King, Bishop of Chichester, A. D., 1666.

EXEQUEY ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED WIFE.

Sleep on, my love, in thy cold bed
Never to be disquieted;
My last "Good-night"; thou wilt not wake
Till I thy fate shall overtake,
Till age, or grief, or sickness, must
Marry my body to that dust
It so much loves, and fill the room
My heart keeps empty in the tomb.

Stay for me there; I will not fail
To meet thee in that hollow vale
And think not much of my delay,
I am already on the way;
And follow thee with all the speed
Desire can wake or sorrow breed.
Each minute is a short degree
And every hour, a step toward thee.

At night when I betake to rest
Next morn I rise nearer my west
Of life, almost by eight hours sail
Than when sleep breathed his drowsy gale.

Dirge.

The following lines are ascribed to Chas. Wolfe, author of "Burial of Sir John Moore," written soon after the death of his beloved wife.—Born in Ireland, 1719.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot when by thy side
That thou couldst mortal be;
It never through my mind had passed
The time would e'er be o'er,
That I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more !

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I cannot brook
That I must look in vain;
But when I speak thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And then I feel, as well I may,
Dear Mary ! thou art dead.

If thou couldst stay, even as thou art,
All cold and all serene;
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been;

While e'en thy chill, bleck corse I have
Thou seemest still mine own,
But as I lay thee in the grave
I feel I am alone !

I do not think, where 'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me !
And I, perhaps may soothe this breast
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light, ne'er seen before
As fancy never could have dreamed,
And never can restore.

Tired Mothers.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear,
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do today
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away
And now it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if some night when you sit down to rest
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped.
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints when the days are wet
Are even black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart today,
Tomorrow make a kite, to reach the sky,
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! The dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown,
The little boy I used to kiss—is dead.

—*Mrs. Albert Smith in Aldine, 1875.*

Lucy.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways,
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise.
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half-hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference is to me.

—*Wm. Wordsworth.*

Little Daughter.

Little daughter, little love,
In the cold grave lying;
Is our grief for thee in vain?
Vain for thee our sighing?
Half *my* life with thine went out,
All the dread of dying.

Summer comes with leaf and bloom,
Spring's sweet promise sealing;
Comes not back with bud or flower
To me, the olden feeling;
Within my heart forevermore
Thy funeral knell is pealing.

I have seen Death stand before
In the way to meet me,
And I shrank with mortal fear,
Heaven could not entreat me;
Now I'd dare death's dreaded door
Once again to greet thee.

Quiet, quiet, human heart,
Soul ! the life eternal,
If thou would'st attain, is thine
And its joys supernal;
And the loved and lost shall meet
In those pastures vernal.

Not Thou But I.

It must have been for one of us, my own,
To drink this cup and eat this bitter bread,
Had not my tears upon thy face been shed
Thy tears had dropped on mine; If I alone
Did not walk now, thy spirit would have known
My loneliness; and did my feet not tread
This weary path and steep; thy feet had bled
As mine, and thy mouth had for me made moan,
And so it comforts me, yea, not in vain,
To think of thy eternity of sleep;
To know thine eyes are tearless though mine
weep,
And when this cup's last bitterness I drain
One thought shall still its primal sweetness
keep,
Thou hadst the peace, and I the undying pain.
—*Phillip Bourke Marston.*

At Thy Grave

Waves the soft grass at thy feet;
Dost thou feel me near thee, sweet?
Though the earth upon thy face
Holds thee close from my embrace,
 Yet my spirit thine can reach,
 Needs betwixt us twain no speech
 For the same soul lives in each.

Now I meet no tender eyes
Seeking mine in soft surmise
At some broken utterance faint,
Smile quick brightening, sigh half spent.
 Yet in some sweet hours gone by
 No responding eye to eye
 Needed we for sympathy.

Love, I seem to see thee stand
Silent in a shadowy land,
With a look upon thy face
As if even in that dim place
 Distant voices smote thine ears
 Memories of vanished years,
 Or faint echoes of these tears.

Yet I would not have it thus,
Then would be most piteous
Our divided lives, if thou
An imperfect bliss should'st know;
Sweet my suffering, if to thee
Death has brought the faculty
Of entire felicity.

Rather would I weep in vain
That thou can'st not share my pain.
Deem that Lethæan waters roll
Softly o'er thy separate soul,
Know that a divided bliss
Makes thee careless of my kiss
Than that thou should'st feel distress.

Hush! I hear a low, sweet sound
As of music stealing round.
Forms thy hand the thrilling chords
Into more than spoken words?
Ah! 'tis but the gathering breeze
Whispering to the budding trees,
Or the song of early bees.

Love, where art thou? Can'st thou not
Hear me, or is all forgot?
Seest thou not these burning tears?

Can my words not reach thine ears?
Or betwixt my soul and thine
Has some mystery divine
Sealed a separating line?

Is it thus then after death
Old things none remembereth?
Is the spirit henceforth clear
Of the life it gathered here?
Will our noblest longings seem
Like some dim-remembered dream
In the after-world's full beam?

Hark! the rainy wind blows loud,
Scuds above the hurrying cloud,
Hushed is all the song of bees,
Angry murmurs of the trees
Herald tempests. Silent yet
Sleepest thou; nor tear nor fret
Troubles thee. Can I forget?

—*From "All the Year Round."*

Loss.

Spring has returned, but brings not back to me
The pleasure and the joy of former springs;
A sweeter voice than bird's in budding tree
I hear no more 'mid all spring's pleasant things;
Grief but grows greater 'neath thy balmy breath
Since she, my loved one, sleeps the sleep of death—
But if beside those living streams that flow
Through the green pastures of the heavenly land
She walks in beauty; guided by His hand
More tenderly than er'st by mine below;
Could I but realize that it is so,
Even though the way I may not understand,
Then would a joy spring up amid my grief;—
“Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!”

W. W. Phelps.

Remember Me.

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me, when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned;
Only remember me:—you understand;—
It will be late to council then, or pray,—
Yet if you should forget me for a while,
And afterward remember; do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had
Better by far you should forget, and smile
Than that you should remember, and be sad.

—*Christian G. Rossetti.*

Elsie.

DIED—AGED 13.

'Twas in a dream, sweet Elsie

I saw thee as of yore,
With thy tresses loose and flowing
Thy lily-fair cheek o'er,
And thy blue eyes mildly beaming,
And thy coral lips apart;
Reflecting in thy features
The goodness of thy heart.

And we walked together slowly
To cull the fair young flowers,
And watch the budding freshness
Of spring's enchanting bowers,
And listening to the music
Of the warblers on the spray
Our hearts were light, it was so bright,
On that sweet spring-tide day.

And we lived and talked together
In scenes long past and fled,
Ere dark Death with his icy hand
Had lain thee with the dead;
But on this earth still living
In my vision thou didst seem,
And my heart was sorely grieved
To find 'twas but a dream.

'Tis said that our freed spirits
Among the stars shall dwell,
And in their ethereal essence
Roam, where mortals may not tell.
Then perhaps when sometime roaming
Across heaven's starry plain
Some gentle one might wander
To this earthly sphere again.

And though nor care nor sorrow
Are felt by them above;
Yet in mercy may they come to cheer
Friends here whom yet they love;
And thou as thou wast roaming
All limitless and free,
Stayed thy swift flight, and stopped last night
To whisper unto me.

Oh, come again, sweet Elsie
For spirits pure as thine
Have influence over human hearts
To soften and refine.
And what are all the treasures
Of earth's collected marts
Compared with the communion sweet
The interchange of hearts.

And when earth's sun no more for me
Shall gild the eastern sky
My spirit through the boundless blue
To meet thine own shall fly;
And dwell with loved ones in that land
Of scenes surpassing bright,
Or roam with thee, two spirits free
Heaven's crystal fields of light.

R.V. —1849.

Meprise.

Some day we shall know all; some peaceful day,
When by a kindly breeze of Death o'erblown
The mist of Time will vanish quite away
And the heart find its own.

Some day we shall know all! 'Tis long to wait,
Fretted and hindered by this mortal chain.
"Knowing as known"—in Heaven—seems too
late

When the heart tires of pain.

Tires of the little knowledge it has won,
The blinded vision it has dared to trust,
Its petty judgments under His great sun,
Which scorches the unjust!

Thus yearningly I own: "Before my soul
I stand accused. Friend, I have done thee
wrong!"

Mayhap I cannot say it at the goal,
And waiting seems too long.

—*Charlotte M. Packard, in N. Y. Independent.*

Our Home Among the Trees.

A score of years ago, Bell,
'Mid flowers and birds and bees,
We reared our prairie home, dear,
And shaded it with trees;
And as the trees have grown, love,
Through fair and cloudy weather,
Through glad years, and through sad years,
Our hearts have grown together
In our dear home, sweet home, loved home,
Among the trees.

Now in the boughs above us
The birds of summer sing,
And underneath, the children
At their play are caroling.
There's Willie at the door, dear,
The little playful elf;
And our eldest now has grown, dear,
More like you than yourself,
In our dear home, sweet home, loved home
Among the trees.

Perhaps our lives are wasted
In tending trees and flowers,
And rearing up the children
Through all the toilsome hours;
The hopes, the plans we cherished,
The ends to which they led,
Have vanished, failed and perished,
As the swift years have fled,
In our dear home, sweet home, loved home
Among the trees.

But human plans His word declares
Are lots in blindness cast,
His fiat doth control the whole,
And brings all right at last.
So though the silver streak your hair,
And furrows seam my brow,
We'll pray that all be for the best
When at His throne we bow,
In our dear home, sweet home, loved home
Among the trees.

Yet it matters not, sweet sharer
Of all my good and ill,
What fancied good has failed us
Since love dwells with us still.

'Tis not in fame or riches
To bring the dear heart's-ease
That we have known together
In our home beneath the trees,
The dear home, sweet home, loved home
Among the trees.

And when our life-work's ended,
And not in wrath, but love,
The great All-father calls us
Up to His home above.
Amid the many mansions
May you, and I, and these,
Be given a home embowered
In fair celestial trees,
A dear home, a sweet home,
'Mid heaven's unfading trees.

Seek Not on Earth thy Home.

“Seek not on earth thy home,
Child of redeeming love,
Rather through pathless deserts roam
Than lose thy rest above.”

Enjoy the gifts of God
With which thy life is blessed,
But lay not up thy treasure here,
For this is not thy rest.

Grieve not to leave this earth
Because its face is fair,
For He who did its beauty give
Creates it everywhere.

A million radiant spheres
In yonder boundless dome
Are “many mansions” fair arrayed
For our eternal home.

Soft murmuring streams and glades
In unknown beauty dressed;
And gales more odorous than blow
O’er Araby the blest.

Green pastures, sunny-warm,
Still waters gently flow ,
Nor blight of sin, nor chill of death
Those happy spheres shall know.

There with our loved and lost
Forevermore we'll dwell,
And of the joys our hearts shall know
No mortal tongue can tell.

Then let our faith be firm,
Our lives and motives pure,
Trusting in God, and in His Christ
Eternal life is sure.

R. D. L.

Light and Darkness.

Why live, when life is sad,
Death only sweet ?
Why fight, when closest fight
Ends in defeat ?
Why pray, when purest prayer
Dark thoughts assail ?
Why strive, and strive again
Only to fail ?
Why hope, when life has proved
Our best hopes vain ?
Why love, when love is fraught
With so much pain ?
Why not cool heart and brain
In the deep wave ?
Why not lie down and rest
In the still grave ?

Live,—there are many round
 Needing thy care,
Pray,—there is One at hand
 Helping thy prayer.
Fight,—for the love of God,
 Not for renown.
Strive,—but in His great strength
 Not in thine own.
Hope,—there is heaven's joy
 Laid up for thee.
Love,—for true love out-lasts
 Its agony.
Fight, pray, and wrestle on,
 Loving God best,
Then when thy work is done
 Lie down and rest.
 —*From "The Quiver."*

Trust.

Father, I've prayed for light,
And yet no light I see,
But still in faith I reach my hand
Through darkness out to Thee.

I know that thou wilt guide
Through all the doubtful way
And bring my faltering steps at last
Where shines the perfect day.

This is the soul's sweet right,
To know that Thou art sure,
And through the darkness as the light
Thy love and strength endure.

"Be still, for I am God"
Down through the ages flows,
And fills us with celestial calm
Amid our human woes.

It is no timeworn cant,
God's blessed gift of rest;
Soul, rest in child-like trust that He
In all things knoweth best.

—*Sara Clemmer Wells, In N. Y. Independent.*

Whom But Thou.


From past neglect and present faithlessness,
From the deep shadow of forseen distress,
And from the nameless weariness that grows,
As life's long day seems wearing to its close;

Thou life within my life, than self more near,
Thou veiled presence, infinitely clear
From all illusive shows of sense I flee
To find my center and my rest in Thee.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies;
Take part with me against this self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares.

How shall I call Thee who art always here?
How can I praise Thee who art still most dear?
What may I give Thee save what Thou hast given?
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven?

—*Eliza Scudder in N. Y. Independent. 1871.*



To Faith.

Peace-giving star ! Star of the firm-believing,
Shed thy calm light abroad in every breast,
And lull dark doubts, and anxious fears to rest,
So the vexed, weary soul may cease its grieving.
But let thy light be pure and undeceiving,
Let it not lead our wayward steps astray,
From rock-throned Truth into a devious way,
Where Error thick her snares is ever weaving.
But give me while thy rays my steps enlighten
The assurance God-like reason still can lend,
So may I have a faith that age will brighten,
And a firm hope on which I may depend:
A hope that will every pure pleasure heighten,
And nerve my soul to hold out to the end.

5 . . . 1000 .

To Hope.

Oh Hope! sweet Hope! through all life's devious
ways

In the soul's quiet; in its sad unrest,
Thou art our ever constant friend; our best
Earth-angel; cheering all our weary days
With the bright rainbow radiance of thy rays;
Nor here alone, but far as Faith's pure eye
Can pierce into our future destiny

Thou stand'st illumined to our earnest gaze.—

Oh Hope! be to my soul that anchor sure,
When storms of doubt o'er-sweep my spirit's sky
Till wavering Faith her star can scarce descry
Will hold me to the Rock that must endure;
And when my life has reached its earthly goal
Up to the gates of light escort my soul.

To Charity.

Star of the generous-souled ! thy mellow beam
Dispells the mists of prejudice that roll
In reason-blinding clouds around the soul,
And shows things in that light where *best* they
seem.

But while the world admires and praises thee,
And men each other council thee to cherish,
Still in their own cold hearts they let thee per-
ish;

Forgiving, whole-souled, generous Charity !
Why is it thus? Why is it, when we know
The good, that we do not the good pursue?
Why, but that reason of itself ne'er wakes
The soul to action. Let the impulsive glow
Of passionate feeling all the soul awake,
And then we will not only say, but *do*.

Come Ye to the Waters.

Weary sons and fainting daughters,
Come to Zion's holy waters,
From the Fount that ceaseless flows
Drink relief from all your woes.

Come, for freely they are willing,
Care, and pain, and grief dispelling,
Quenching sin's envenomed dart,
Flowing o'er each broken heart.

Come, and welcome, pilgrim weary,
Founts to thee are ever cheery,
Here's a fount unknown before,
"Drink, and ye shall thirst no more."

Come ye poor ones, sad and weeping,
God doth have you in his keeping;
Come unto the healing spring,
Come, nor price nor tribute bring.

Come afflicted ones, long grieving,
Cease your sighs, be but believing,
Taste, 'twill free your heart from sadness;
Bathe, 'twill flood your soul with gladness.

Weary sons, and fainting daughters,
Come then to those living waters,
Come, oh list to Mercy's call,
Come, the welcome is to all.

The Still Small Voice.

Alone upon the holy mount.

The aged prophet stood

Waiting to see the Lord pass by

In that dread solitude.

The wind swept by, the *rushing wind*,

Rending the rocks assunder,

And through the mountain caverns dark,

Roaring like deep-toned thunder.

The loud wind ceased; the *earth-quake's force*

Shook hill, and vale, and rock;

The cedars on a thousand hills

Fell trembling at the shock.

The earthquake ceased; a sweeping *fire*

Consumed both rock and tree,

And dried the limpid rivers up,

That glided to the sea.

The wild fire ceased; a *still small voice*

On the awed hearing gushed,

A feeling that the Lord was there,

On man's conviction rushed.

With muffled face, and humbled voice

The prophet breathed his prayer,

That "still small voice" speaks to your soul

Give heed, for *God* is there. —1846.

Song.

Star of Hope, gem of joy
Shed thy beams without alloy,
Shed them on my trusting heart,
Never let thy light depart;
Without thee, without thee
Life a weariness would be.

Ere I knew, e'en thy name,
Ere my earliest reason came,
Thou becam'st my cheering friend,
Still upon my steps attend;
Without thee, without thee
Life were living death to me. —1847.

To Duty.

Stern virtue that still sacrifice dost crave,
What is it now that thou wilt have of me,
Speak, and I will obey thy stern decree,
Though to my dearest hopes it be the grave.
Speak, I am calm, I will not wildly rave,
Or pour my soul in unavailing grief,
For thou I know to Pity's cries art deaf
Nor wilt relent though it were life to save.
What promise dost thou whisper in mine ear?
What dim, uncertain good is to be mine?
Away, I ask no boon, my course is clear,
I murmur not nor at my fate repine;
Strength to sustain, and courage to endure
Is all I ask, then my reward is sure.

To Duty.

Ah Duty! did I hear thy voice and wait
And linger, loth to leave false pleasure's shrine?
Her service I deemed happiness, and thine
A sacrificing and cross-bearing fate.
But I have learned since then the high estate
Of those who hear thy voice, and heed thy call;
They gain, not lose, e'en tho forsaking all;
For thus they surely win the happy state.
Then Duty in thy train I'll onward press
Till war with wrong, and strife with sin shall cease
Bearing the cross hath still the power to bless;
Joy in thy willing service doth increase,
Thy ways at length are ways of pleasantness,
Thy paths at last the only paths of peace.

Stylites.

My crown, my crown ! Oh, Lord, how long, how
long,

Ere I shall win my crown: Stylites cries;
And many voices or in prayer or song
Are claiming a reward beyond the skies;
I cannot thus e'en lift to heaven my eyes
In claim, or hope of crown or of reward,

My righteousness as filth thou wilt despise,
For thou alone hast won the crown, oh Lord.
Ah when I think how fallible, and frail

I've been; how oft from right have gone astray,
Oft yielding when temptation did assail,
Oft wandering in sin's sad and devious way,
I make no claim, I only urge the plea
Thou art my way; I enter but through thee.

Service.

How prone we are to murmur and repine,
And look upon the dark and cloudy side;
'Twould seem we feared the sun had ceased to
shine

If but some passing cloud his face doth hide.
Methinks we should this disposition chide,
And go with cheerfulness upon our way,

Knowing that God will fail not to provide,
And guide us safely through life's little day.

Then, oh my soul ! in faith thy way pursue,
Accept the discipline thy God hath sent,

Perform the work He givest thee to do,
Be willing in His service to be spent ;

Then when thy days their earthly course have
run

Go hence to hear the Master's sweet "Well
done."

8. 11. 1. 1. 1. 1.

Desire.


Thou who dost dwell alone,
Thou who dost know thine own,
Thou to whom all are known
From the cradle to the grave,
 Save, oh ! save !
From the world's temptations,
From tribulations;
From that fierce anguish
Wherein we languish;
From that torpor deep
Wherein we lie asleep
Heavy as death, cold as the grave;
 Save, oh ! save !
When the soul growing clearer,
Sees God no nearer;
When the soul mounting higher,
To God comes no nigher,
But the arch-fiend Pride
Mounts at her side,
Foiling her high emprise,
Sealing her eagle eyes,
And when she fain would soar,
Makes idols to adore:
Changing the pure emotion
Of her high devotion,

To a skin-deep sense
Of her own eloquence;
Strong to deceive, strong to enslave—

Save, oh ! save !
From the ingrained fashion
Of this earthly nature
That mars thy creature;
From grief that is but passion,
From worth that is but feigning,
From tears that bring no healing,
From wild and weak complaining;
Thine old strength revealing.

Save, oh ! save !
From doubt, when all is double,
When wise men are not strong,
When comfort turns to trouble;
When just men suffer wrong,
When sorrow treads on joy;
When sweet things soonest cloy,
When faiths are built on dust,
When love is half mistrust
Hungry and barren, and sharp as the sea,

Oh, set us free !
Oh let the false dream fly
Where our sick souls do lie
Tossing continually !



Oh, where thy voice doth come,
Let all doubts be dumb;
Let all words be mild,
All strife be reconciled,
All pains beguiled,
Light bring no blindness,
Love no unkindness;
Knowledge no ruin,
Fear no undoing.
From the cradle to the grave,
Save, oh ! save !

—*Matthew Arnold.*

Hymn.

“I lift my heart to Thee,
Thou day-star from on high,
The sun itself is but Thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.”
Oh let Thy radiant beams
Dispel the mists of sin,
And flood with heavenly light and warmth
The dark and cold within.
And as our earthly sun
Makes life and beauty start,
So may Thy beams awake new life
Within my wintry heart.

From bud and blossom grow
The bounties of the field,
So may my life, warmed by Thy glow,
Heavenly fruition yield.

Hymn.

“Oh where shall rest be found?
Rest for the weary soul;”
In vain we search earth's utmost bound,
Or pierce from pole to pole.

“The world can never give
The rest for which we sigh;”
It hath no balm, no bliss, no power
To still the soul's sad cry.

Nay, search no more without,
But turn the gaze within;
In peace of conscience, conquered doubt,
And soul washed clean from sin;

Washed clean in Jesus' blood
From every sinful stain;
This, this alone can give relief,
And ease the soul's deep pain.

To find this sure repose,
Go lean on Jesus' breast,
Hear ye and heed His gracious call,
"Come, I will give you rest."

Oh, all ye weary ones,
Seek Him who makes you whole,
Speaks peace to every troubled breast,
And rests the weary soul.

R.D. 1875.

Autumn.

"Sweet Sabbath of the year,
While evening lights decay,
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away."

Amid thy fading bowers
'Tis sweet alone to stray,
And muse on all the loveliness
That soon must pass away.

Sweet, tho we know that we
All "as a leaf do fade;"
In sympathy with nature, we
Pass to the silent shade.

Nature and we are one,
And God is over all;
And He, who gave both life at first,
To life can both recall.

Past and Present.

In earlier days, in happier hours
I watched and wandered with the sun;
I saw him when the east was red
I saw him when the day was dead
All his earthly journey done;
Looks of love were in the west,
But he passed and took no rest.

O'er the immeasurable blue.
Across the rain, amidst the blast,
Onward and onward like a god,
Through the trackless air he trod,
Scattering bounties as he passed
By the portals of the west,
And never shut his eyes in rest.

Oh how—in those too happy hours—
How deeply then did I adore
The bright, unwearied, sleepless sun,
And wished—just thus my courseto run;
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
My deeds thus good, thus known, thus bright,
Thus undisturbed by rest or night.

But now—since I have heard and seen
The many cares that trouble life,
The evil that requiteth good,
The benefits mis-understood,—
Unfilial, unpaternal strife,
The hate, the lie, the bitter jest—
I feel how sweet are night and rest.

And oh ! what morning ever looked
So lovely as the quiet eve,
When low and fragrant winds arise,
And draw the curtains of the skies,
And gentle songs of summer weave;
Such as between the alders creep
Now, and soothe my soul to sleep.

—*Anonymous, about 1820 or 1830.*

A Thought of One at Sea.

The sun sinks down in the golden west,
And I think of you on the ocean's breast,
If over you broods a sky as soft
As you look from the deck to the mast aloft.

But o'er you may lower a stormy sky,
And the rushing billows go hissing by,
And the shrieking shrouds, and the darkness
drear

May wake in the heart a thought of fear.

And I pray to Him who reigns on high
Lord of ocean and earth, and sky,
To hold you with His almighty hand,
And keep you as safely as on the land.

So my thought of thee, is a prayer to Him
Speeding far beyond the horizon's rim
And instantly reaching through Him to thee
Afar on the sea, afar on the sea.

Life's Similitude.

I have seen the beauteous flower
 Blooming in the morning ray,
But the mid-day storm and shower
 Dashed its loveliness away.—
Often thus in beauty's bloom
 Youth is hurried to the tomb.

I have heard the light breeze swelling,
 Soft at morn o'er vale and brake,
But ere night the storm was yelling,
 And the rock-ribbed hills did quake:—
Sudden storms with danger rife
 Rise thus on the sea of life.

I have seen the meteor streaming
 Through the silent air of night.
Fitful was its brilliant gleaming,
 Quick it vanished from the sight:—
Thus life's splendors quick decay,
 Life itself thus flits away.

Mists of night that flee at morning,
 Dews of morn that day dispels,
Storms that come without a warning,
 Flitting lights in swampy dells:—
Things of stormy, changeful mood,
 These are life's similitude.

Up Hill.

Does the road wind up hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof, for when the slow dark hours begin,
May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock; or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labor you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

—*Christina G. Rossetti,*

Mysterious Night.

Mysterious night ! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a current of translucent dew
Bathed in the rays of the quiet setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in men's view.—
Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed
Within thy beams, oh sun? or who could find,
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou made us blind?
Why do we then shun Death with anxious
strife;
If *light* can thus deceive, wherefore not life?
—*Joseph B. White, about 1800.*

Two Sonnets.**I.**

When the Ancient people by a mighty hand
Went forth from underneath the Egyptian
yoke,

Although they saw God's judgment on that land,
And knew themselves exempted from the
stroke;

Yet on their way murmuring, to Moses spoke
Of Egypt's flesh-pots, grieved and longingly;—

We wonder that such low desires awoke
In hearts God had so wondrously set free.—

We wonder! but how oft have we looked back
To the world's flesh-pots with a longing eye?

How often have we swerved from duty's track?
How often turned at hint of danger nigh?

Yet hath God laid on us His high command
And let us onward by a mighty hand.

II.

But yet though murmuring, forward still they
went

Through deserts wild, a weary toilsome road;
Hard task to teach those grovelling minds, intent
On earthly ease, and lead them up to God.

Full oft they passed beneath the chastening
rod

Till their minds grew up to the great Ideal;

Murmuring and praising, on through sand, and
flood,

Taught of the Unseen by the awful real.—

So wavering heart hath faith to follow still,
As Egypt's bondmen on their first release,

Followed the pillared cloud and fire, until,
Through desert sands, and miracle-sundered
seas,

They reached at last, past Marah's bitter rill,
Elim's sweet wells, and palms of rest and peace.

A Hebrew Melody.

Weep land of Judea, weep, guilt stricken land,
Thou art smitten again by the spoilers red hand;
For the Lord in His anger His presence has veiled,
And the might of the Gentile hath o'er thee prevailed.

Alas! for the city, beloved of the Lord,
Her blood has been forth like a sacrifice poured,
Oh! might its red torrents His anger allay,
And wash the dark sins of his people away.

Alas! for the remnant far, far distant borne,
In sack-cloth, and ashes their folly to mourn;
Lamenting their fate 'neath the heathen's hard
rule, [pool.
Far from Kedron's sweet waters, and Bethesda's

Oh how shall Thy praises our sad bosoms swell,
When boastful their triumphs our conquerors
tell; [tone,
Ah! the loved harp of Judah has lost its proud
And trembles to grief and deep sorrow alone.

How long shall Thy people lament in exile,
While the hosts of the Gentile Thy temple de-
file? [faded?
How long in its courts shall Thy name be pro-
How long by the heathen Thy might be disdained?

Oh! meekly we bow to Thy chastening rod
While the vials of wrath are poured on us O,
God! [remain,
'Neath the cloud of Thy vengeance we cannot
Let us come to the light of Thy presence again.

For the sins of our nation we deeply lament;
Oh let Thy fierce anger against us relent;
While the heathen that rule bow to idols of stone,
We own Thee the Great God Jehovah alone.

For the courts of Thy temple our sad hearts
shall yearn, [turn,—
Till the day when Thy word shall bid Zion re-
For scattered and humbled in dust though we be
Still Israel's Jehovah our trust is in Thee.

The Toys.

My little son who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grownup wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him and dismissed
With hard words and unkissed.
His mother who was patient, being dead;
Then, fearing that his grief would hinder sleep,
I visited his bed;
But found him slumbering deep
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.

And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For on a table drawn beside his bed
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters, and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with blue bells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.—
So when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah! when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly, not less
Than I, whom Thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave thy wrath and say:
“I will be sorry for their childishness.”

—C. P. in *Pall Mall Gazette*.

. City Sparrows in Winter.

Bread on the stones is cast;
Tis winter, and the stones are snowy cold;
Yet fluttering fast
From leafless trees the sparrows, young and old,
Flock in their hunger to be fed,
And on the cold stones find their daily bread.

Love with a liberal hand,
Throws out its crumbs; then suddenly withdraws,
Hidden to stand
And watch, behind the window-curtain's gauze,
Lest human face, too nigh, should scare
The timid birds from this, their simple fare.

And they are glad, and feed
With eager eye; and live on daily love,
Yet feel none. Greed
And passion stir their little breasts, and move,
To bickering wars with wing and bill,
Yet love looks smiling on, and feeds them still.

Hard is this world, and cold
And toil, care, woe and sin are every where,
Yet souls untold
Come, from above, to find their sustenance here
And midst the stony drought forlorn
Find manna waiting for them every morn.

God gives that bread from heaven
And yet His Presence not in glorious blaze
Of fire is given,
But hidden under veils: lest the bright rays
Of awful light and beauty here
Consume the sinful soul with deadly fear.

Men feed and they are glad,
They see not God, the Unseen; and they turn
With envy mad,
And o'er the very gifts of Love, they burn
Yet, fighting, feed, and grow, and will,
And patient God sees, loves and feeds them still.

—“*Jr.*,” in *Church Journal*, 1872.

Song of the Minnesota Volunteers.

"We're coming, we're coming, the fearless and free,"
Like the winds of the prairie, the waves of the sea,
True sons of brave sires that battled of yore,
That liberty ever might reign on this shore.

We come from the hill-sides, we come from the plain,
Where ere-while before us has fallen the grain;
And now at the call of our country we hie,
That traitors before us as prostrate may lie.

Our hands that the ax, sythe, and hammer have held,
The prairies have furrowed, the forest have felled,
Are armed in the cause of our country to fight,
And nerved by the thought that we strike for the right.

Let the sons of the south then their bravery vaunt
And coward, ay, coward! to us be their taunt;
They shall test it ere-long, when our onset they feel
'Mid the booming of cannon, the clashing of steel.

Do they deem that the hearts of the loyal and true
Will quail at the threats of a slave-driving crew?
The slave at your anger may cower and cry,
But *we* come of a stock that will "never say die."

Above us is waving our banner of stars,
Undim'd be their luster, unsullied its bars,
No truce to the conflict; rain money and men
Till that flag wave triumphant o'er Sumpter again.

—*May 31, 1861.*

Eve of Election, A. D. 1860.
Oft in the struggles of the past,
The wary foe has shunned the fight,
And "Compromise" has often come
To snatch the victory from the right;
But fled at last is Freedom's night,
And lighter, brighter dawns the day,
Which ere its close shall own the might
Of Liberty's restless sway.

Out of the darkness of that Past,
Where 'neath the rod the nations cower,
Have fitful gleams of light been cast
Like flashes from Truth's out-post tower;
For Truth and Right, but wait their hour,
And every form of wrong alike
Is doomed to fall. Assert your power,
'Tis Freedom's hour, arise and strike.

Nov., 1860.

Which?

One course is too often pursued,
For me to pursue it;
Another too rarely is rued
For me e'er to rue it.
That sordidly seeks but for gold,
And hoardeth such treasure;
This seeks heart and mind to unfold,
And in *that* finds its pleasure.

Far nobler to work day by day
With a heart-felt devotion,
Till freedom and justice bear sway,
From ocean to ocean;
Then to waste away life's fleeting breath
In the world's dusty placer,
Still running this course until death
Ends the race, and the racer.

Decoration Day.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed?
When Spring with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

— *Wm. Collins, England, 1720.*

Song.

Love me now or love me never,
Ere the dark and untraced river
Of my life hath found the sea;
Ere the present scene has shifted,
Or the future's curtain lifted,
Or an indication drifted
From the shores of destiny;
Ay ! before that veil is rifted
Which conceals what is to be.

Love me now with love confiding,
Trustful that what e'er betiding,
Will to do, and soul to dare
Must succeed, for striving ever,
There's not a vain endeavor,
True to man, yet bending never
But to God alone in prayer;
If for these all else you'd sever,
Now, ay ! *now* thy love declare.

Love me never; vain you linger
Watching Fate's indical finger,
The decisive moment's o'er;
And my free proud soul is turning
From the *thing* whose deepest yearning
Is for gold, and pride is burning
With a force unfelt before,
And with scorn of scorn is spurning
Thee from me forevermore.

Soul of Beauty.

Soul of Beauty ! subtle essence
Of all lovely things and fair,
Lift the veil that hides thy presence,
I would find thee. Tell me where,—
Vainly seek we 'mid the real,
Only in the bright ideal
Doth thy matchless beauty dwell,
With its ever potent spell.

As the whispering aspens shiver,
When the summer winds rejoice,
So my heart-strings trembling quiver
To thy mystical, low voice;
In the gurgling fountain's gushing
In the breeze through forests rushing,
In the music of the sea
Comes its melody to me.

When the silver stars are glancing
In their own blue heaven serene,
And the moon-beams bright are dancing
On the wood-land's summer sheen:
When the busy world is sleeping,
And the dewy flowers are weeping,
In that darkling, stillly hour,
Most I feel thy mystic power.

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But the winds are viewless ever,
Sweetest sound enfolds not thee,
And the dewy night can never
Quite reveal thy mystery.—
Without form, and without being,
Seen but by the soul's shut seeing;
Baffled sense must miss the goal,
When the search is after soul.

R. W.

Sea Song.

Come away, come away, our bark's in the bay,
Just below yon arching tree,
And her fluttering sail is spread to the gale,
And she's bound for the dancing sea.
She's bound for the dancing sea, my boys,
While the streamer red from her tall mast-head
In the breeze is floating free, my boys.
In the breeze is floating free.
Ah! away now she glides o'er the gentle tides,
That are bounding our windward shore;
But soon she'll be on the swelling sea,
Where the bounding billows roar,
Where the bounding billows roar, my boys,
And the flashing spray casts a rainbow ray
The bright blue waters o'er, my boys,
The bright blue waters o'er.

Ha! the foam flies now, from her dashing prow,
And the sea's wild echoes ring;
And our canvas dips in the waves white tips,
Like the plumes of the sea-bird's wing,
Like the plumes of the sea-bird's wing, my boys,
When her light form sweeps o'er the billowy deeps
Like a wild and fearless thing, my boys,
Like a wild and fearless thing.

And yet louder the gale in each bellowing sail
Is piping in all its pride,
As now through the deeps, and now o'er the steeps
Of the ocean surges we ride,
Of the ocean's surges we ride, my boys,
While naught we see, but sky and sea,
Around us on every side, my boys,
Around us on every side.

Now the dark cloud lowers, and the tempest
roars,
And the lightning glares o'er the deep;
But a wild, dark night will bring wilder delight,
For we wish not, we care not to sleep;
We wish not, we care not to sleep, my boys,
While the thunder's peal makes our vessel reel,
As from billow to billow we leap, my boys,
As from billow to billow we leap.

For He who can clasp wide worlds in His grasp,
And gather the sea in His hand,
And the winds when he list, doth hold in his fist,
And the raging storms command;
And the raging storms command, my boys,
Can guard us as well on the billow's swell,
As upon the unchanging land, my boys,
As upon the unchanging land. R.W. 1343.

School Memories.

'Twas many years ago
Ere my heart had learned to know
Aught of care;
When life before me lay
Like a long, bright summer day,
Passing fair.

It was Autumn,—sweetest time
In Ohio's sunny clime
Of the year,
And around the forest olden
Hung the misty, soft, and golden
Atmosphere.


It was Autumn, and the breeze
Gently swayed the orchard trees
To and fro,
And the mellow peaches now
Graced each heavy laden bough
Bending low.

Then it was from books set free
A merry band of students we
Left the town;
And that day we ceased to wrangle
Over circle, square, triangle
Verb or noun.

With us *he* beloved, respected
Who our mental course directed
Wandered slow.
She his aid, of talents rarest,
And of all our band the fairest
Pleased did go.

First beneath the trees fruit-laden
Ardent youth, and joyous maiden
Gaily sped,
Picking peaches soft and mellow
Gathering apples rich and yellow
Bright and red.

Then away o'er dale and dingle
Grouped, and paired, or proudly single
Did we go;
Now by fields of springing grain
Now adown the shady lane
Sauntering slow.



Till at last 'mid forests hoar
The smooth river's winding shore
 We attained;
Now the burning spring to find
Follow we each devious wind
 Till 'tis gained.

From the dark and muddy deep
Glassy bubbles ever leap
 Up with glee.
But for all its burning fame
'Twould not *now* burn tho' we came
 Just to see.

So away again we sped
Through the woodland dim, and red
 Full of play.
Walking, talking, laughing, singing,
Some in tangled grape vines swinging
 Glad and gay.

Some in contemplative mood
By the silent river stood;
 While the sere
Leaves of Autumn falling slow
Rested on the wave below
 Crystal clear.

Ah! those sere leaves lightly shaken
From the bough, how oft they waken
Thoughts of grief,
Unlike Hope, that never grieves,
Memory hath her fading leaves
Bright and brief.

Hope with pencil dipped in light
Paints in colors ever bright
The ideal:
Then when Fancy's fire is fading
Memory follows with a shading
Of the real.

Yet 'tis pleasure dear to me
To live again in Memory
O'er the past;
Though the bliss that thus we borrow
Often by a shade of sorrow
Is o'ercast.

And e'en now my sad thoughts stray
To the loved ones passed away
Who were with us on that day
Years ago.

I remember one who died,
Just in manhood's opening pride
He was hurried from our side
And laid low.

Sweet Day.

Sweet Day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet Rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

—*George Herbert, born 1593.*



Good Morning.

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet!

Life we've been long together,
Through pleasant, and through cloudy weather,
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Chose thine own time;
Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

—*Anna L. Barbauld, about 1780.*

Good Night.

Say not good bye! Dear friend from thee
A word too sad that word would be,
Say not good bye! say but good night,
And say it with thy tender, light
Caressing voice, that links the bliss
Of yet another day with this,
Say but good night!

Say not good-bye! say but good night,
A word that blesses in its flight,
In leaving hope of many a kind,
Sweet day like this we leave behind.
Say but good-night! Oh! never say
A word that taketh thee away,
Say but good-night!
Good-night.

—*Dora Greenwell, in "Good W*

Columbus

October 21st, 1492-1892

Four centuries have fled since that glad day
When great Columbus from his narrow deck
Looked landward to the light; a tiny speck,
Yet great to dissipate all doubts and fears,
And prove his faith in God, and truth sublime.
That was an hour of great achievement won
Full compensation for past weary years
Of supplication and of hopes delayed.
But greater was the man when sore beset
By mutinous crews on the unknown, unsailed deep,
Who cried, go backward, backward, we are lost;
Yet brave in heart, in spirit strong he cried,
'Helmsman, steer westward, on, sail on, sail on'—
Ah, well if we lone mariners on life's sea
Steering a devious course to the dark unknown
Can still in faith and courage sail right on,
Till doubt is quenched in dawn of light divine,
And fears are quelled, and all distractions cease,
As nearing the unseen land, life's voyage o'er
We hail the light upon the Eternal Shore.

R



"Our home among the trees
"À chaque oiseau son nid
beau."

